

FREE
BAT-RULER

RED DAY

I LOVE TO READ

WITH

BATMAN
WORKBOOK

BATMAN

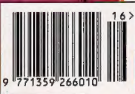
INSIDE:
SUPERMAN



EVERY MONTH
No 16 £1.15

Warning: Gift not suitable for children under the age of 36 months.

ACTION STORIES ADVENTURE



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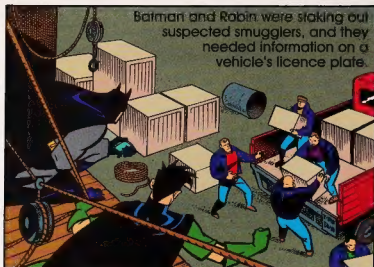
IN THOSE WHO SERVE

Al Wayne Manor,
someone was
working late.



Like Batman, Alfred
Pennyworth is always
on call.





Batman and Robin were staking out suspected smugglers, and they needed information on a vehicle's licence plate.

Alfred quickly accessed the palcomputer.

DATA
COMING
THROUGH
NOW,
SIR.

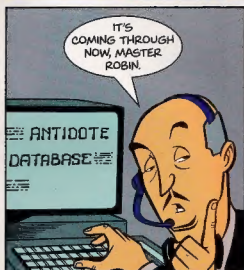


It was all the information they needed!

LOOK
OUT! IT'S
BA—

HMMFF!

IF
THAT'S ALL,
SIR...



Later...

A MAP OF
THE CITY'S
DRAINAGE
SYSTEM, SIR?
AT ONCE!

And after
that...

THE
PHOTO ID IS
CONFIRMED,
SIR.

THAT
IS JIMMY
"THE SNAKE"
SANTONI.

Later still...

HURRY
ROBIN!

NOW LOCATE
AND CUT THE RED
WIRE, MASTER
ROBIN...

It was a hard night's work for
everyone.

I'LL WAGER
MY SUPPER'S
STONE COLD
NOW!



The Batmobile didn't return until just before dawn.

VROOOOM!



Alfred welcomed them back. He had hot chocolate and sandwiches ready.

SORRY, ALFRED!



YAWN!
I'M TOO TIRED TO EAT.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW HARD BATMAN AND I HAVE WORKED TONIGHT.

I SEE.



HE MEANT NO HARM, ALFRED.



ROBIN KNOWS HE AND I WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO WORKED HARD TONIGHT.

THANK YOU, SIR.
SANDWICH?



THE END

TIME & AGAIN

Cruickshank Laboratories on the outskirts of Metropolis specialised in microchips. Their Magna Processor was the most powerful in the world, a real breakthrough in computer technology. Cruickshank Laboratories were surrounded by twelve foot security fences, motion detectors and laser tripwires. The inner laboratories were patrolled by an army of highly trained security guards, and the site was observed, twenty-four hours a day, by video cameras. The Magna Processor chip itself was kept in a shockproof cradle under a bullet-proof glass cover that could only be removed by entering the correct nine-digit code.

These security arrangements made it all the more amazing that the Magna Processor chip should just vanish into thin air one night.

The theft of the processor was just the latest in a series of impossible robberies. Seven technology specialists in Metropolis had been hit in the space of a week, and in each case the story was the same: their most valuable prototype—gone without a trace.

At the offices of the *Daily Planet* newspaper, editor-in-chief Perry White wanted a scoop on the story, and he wanted it fast.

He didn't care if the police were



baffled, he wanted his paper to be first with the low down on how these thefts were occurring. He put his best reporters on the story—Clark Kent and Lois Lane.

Lois set out to interview some top scientists. She thought their expert advice might explain why the thieves had been after those particular items.

Meanwhile, Clark, along with the *Planet's* young photographer Jimmy Olsen, went to Cruickshank Laboratories.

At the labs, they viewed footage from the security video which clearly showed the processor simply...

vanishing.

But Clark's eyes were sharp...*super* sharp, in fact. He was none other than Metropolis's extraordinary protector—Superman. His vision detected a hiccup in the film, as if something had passed quickly through the scene. "If we get a copy of that video," Clark asked Jimmy, "can you slow it down so we can watch it frame by frame?"

"Sure thing, C.K.!" said Jimmy.

Later, in the *Planet's* editing suite, Clark and Jimmy watched the video in slow motion. It revealed an amazing sight: a man in black entered the scene, pried off the casing, and stole the processor.

"That's impossible!" exclaimed Jimmy. "To do that he must be able to move faster than Superman!"

"It's as if he had all the time in the world! Like time was speeded up for

him alone," mused Clark. He recognised the thief. He was Hank Grogan, an agent of the ruthless criminal organisation known as Intergang.

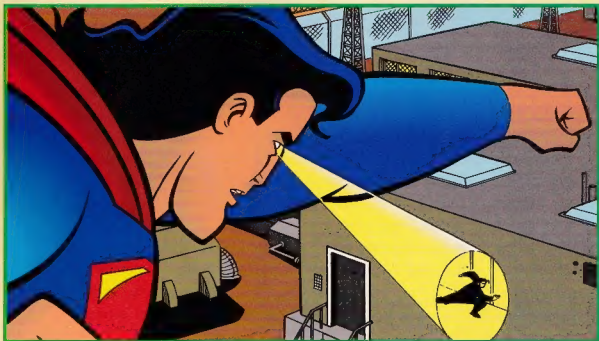
Just then, Lois rang on her mobile phone. She had interviewed several scientists and had come up with a theory. "It may sound wild," she told Clark, "but several of the scientists I've spoken to suggest that the stolen items could all be used to build a device to affect time itself!"

"If that's true," mused Clark, "what else would they need?"

Lois quickly came back. "They suggest you'd need a mini fusion reactor like the ones Manson Industries are working on."

Clark headed for the door.

Seconds later, Superman soared across the city of Metropolis, heading



for Manson Industries. Everything was falling into place. As he approached the factory complex, he scanned the area with his X-ray vision.

Grogan was inside the laboratory hallways, moving like a rocket. Superman was only just able to detect the man. No ordinary human being

longer he could keep up the pace. Grogan seemed to make time stop around him, and it was all the Man of Steel could do to stay one step behind him.

Superman noticed a strange item strapped to Grogan's wrist, which he had activated to affect time around him.



could possibly move that fast. But Superman wasn't ordinary. He zoomed in, moving at blinding speed.

Grogan saw him coming. He fired his gun, but the bullets seemed to float like autumn leaves, and Superman caught them easily. Grogan turned and ran, and the two of them raced through the labs at supersonic speeds, creating a sonic boom.

Superman didn't know how much

Grogan paused a micro-fraction of a second to grab the mini-reactor he had come to steal. Now that he had what he had come for, the villain adjusted the device on his wrist to an even higher setting and put on an extra spurt of speed. Grogan began to make his astounding escape through the workshops of Manson Industries. Superman raced after him, but now the time-cheating criminal was drawing

away from him.

Superman realised that by forcing Grogan into a chase, he was making the criminal run even faster. At the relative speeds they were travelling, the labs raced by like an amusement park ride: tight bends, benches to leap, doors to duck through, robot assemblers to dive under. Superman used his X-ray vision to give himself warning of what was ahead so he could avoid it. Grogan had no such edge, and he was moving far faster.

That was why Grogan didn't see the low girder until it was too late.

Whamm! He slammed into it and dropped to the floor, stunned. Superman grabbed him, tore the device off Grogan's wrist, and crushed it before the criminal could use it again. There was a flash and a bang.

At that moment, time snapped back to a normal rate.

Knowing the Man of Steel had him trapped, Grogan spilled the beans. His bosses at Intergang had got their hands on a small device—the watch-like thing that had been strapped to his wrist—which sped up time for whoever wore it. Grogan had simply been able to stroll into his target sites and walk off with the items because it all happened



in the blink of an eye.

Grogan had come to steal the components for a larger version of the device which Intergang could then use on the city, the country, or the world. Grogan told Superman where Intergang had hidden the other things he had stolen. It would take the Man of Steel only a matter of minutes to fly around Metropolis and collect the stolen items.

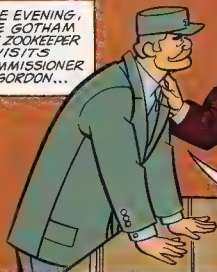
As the police arrived to take Grogan to jail, Superman said, "Looks like you'll be doing time after all...but then you're good at that!"

THE END

BATMAN™

The Animated Series

ONE EVENING,
THE GOTHAM
CITY ZOOKEEPER
VISITS
COMMISSIONER
GORDON...



I'M AFRAID SOMEONE
WILL STEAL THE VALUABLE
WHITE TIGER COMING IN
FROM AFRICA.

DON'T WORRY,
BATMAN'S
ON THE
CASE.

COMM. GORDON

LATER, AT GOTHAM CITY
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...

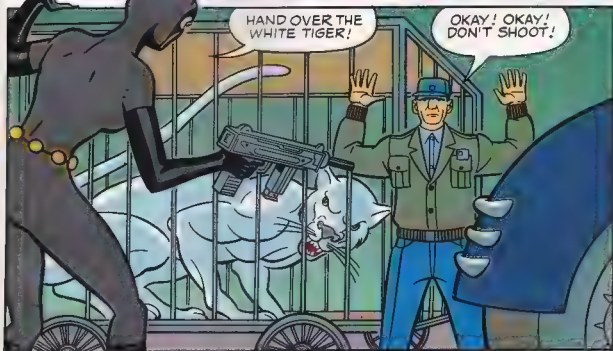
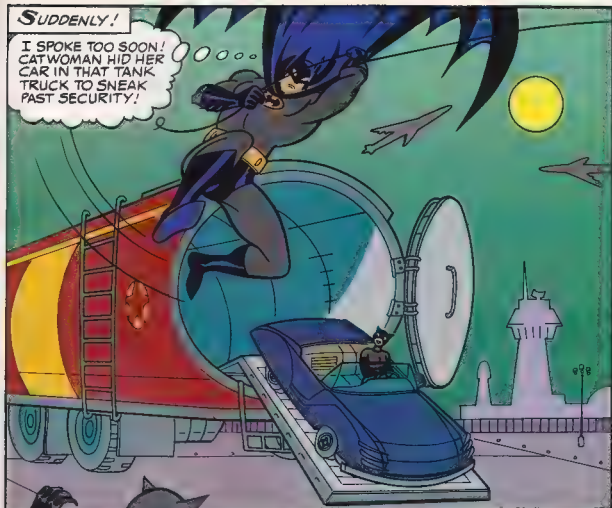


THERE'S THE ZOO
SHIPMENT—NO SIGN
OF TROUBLE SO FAR.

THE THEFT
OF THE
WHITE TIGER

SUDDENLY!

I SPOKE TOO SOON!
CATWOMAN HID HER
CAR IN THAT TANK
TRUCK TO SNEAK
PAST SECURITY!



HAND OVER THE
WHITE TIGER!

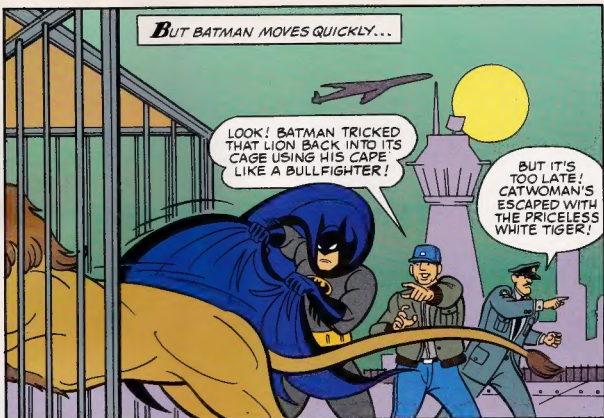
OKAY! OKAY!
DON'T SHOOT!



BUT BATMAN MOVES QUICKLY...

LOOK! BATMAN TRICKED THAT LION BACK INTO ITS CAGE USING HIS CAPE LIKE A BULLFIGHTER!

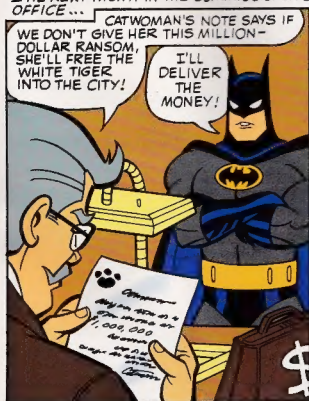
BUT IT'S TOO LATE! CATWOMAN'S ESCAPED WITH THE PRICELESS WHITE TIGER!



THE NEXT NIGHT, IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

WE DON'T GIVE HER THIS MILLION-DOLLAR RANDOM, SHE'LL FREE THE WHITE TIGER INTO THE CITY!

I'LL DELIVER THE MONEY!



HMMM, I THINK I'LL TRY SOMETHING BEFORE I DELIVER THIS!



LATER, IN A DARK ALLEY...



YES, I WILL! THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN FIND MY HIDEOUT.



BACK IN CATWOMAN'S HIDEOUT...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, BABIES?



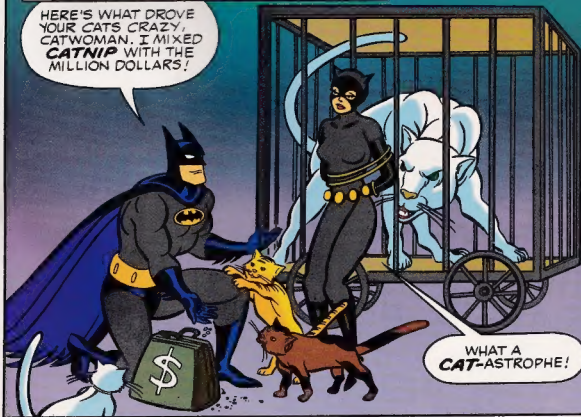


AHA! THE NOISE
OF YOUR HOWLING
CATS LED ME
RIGHT TO YOU,
CATWOMAN.

BATMAN!
BUT HOW?

LATER, OUTSIDE CATWOMAN'S HIDEOUT...

HERE'S WHAT DROVE
YOUR CATS CRAZY,
CATWOMAN. I MIXED
CATNIP WITH THE
MILLION DOLLARS!



WHAT A
CAT-ASTROPHE!

THE END